

Semi-Weekly South Kentuckian.

VOLUME IX.

CHAS. M. MEACHAM. W. A. WILGUS.
ISSUED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY
MORNING BY
MEACHAM & WILGUS,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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A Boarding School for Young Ladies.
The First Session Will Open on Monday,
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YOUNG & BANKS, PROPS.
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SHAVING, SHAMPOOING,
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All done in the latest fashion and satisfac-
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On easy and liberal terms, will do
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AUSTIN D. HICKS
INSURANCE AGENT.

Office over Bank of Hopkinsville,
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HOPKINSVILLE, CHRISTIAN COUNTY, KY., MARCH 29, 1887.

NUMBER 25

Look over your supply of job
printing and see if you are not short
of something, if so, bring your order
around and get job that you will be
proud of.

Adventures of Tad; — OR THE — HAPS AND MISHAPS OF A LOST SACHEL.

A Story for Young and Old.

BY FRANCIS L. CONVERSE,
AUTHOR OF "PEPPER ADAMS," "DOWN ON
TO SEA," "PAUL CHAPTON," ETC.

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CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

Tad knew nothing about fishing, a trout, and if he had it would have made no difference, owing to his primitive fishing tackle. He pulled vigorously; so did the trout, and "snap!" went the end of the after pole, leaving Tad in a mad frenzy of excitement, with three-fourths of the rod in his hands, dancing madly on the rocks.

Joe was equal to the situation. Dropping his own pole, he made a dive for the broken fragment, which was floating in sight. Gathering the slack line carefully in his hands, a vigorous pull landed high and dry the largest trout ever caught in Mill brook.

"There!" Joe exclaimed, as Tad regarded his prize in an amazement too deep for words, "you've caught the one real trout you've wanted to—now, I guess we'd better be getting home, without doing any more fishing."

"All right," returned Tad, mournfully, "but you caught him, after all, Joe." But Joe stoutly asserted that Tad hooked him first, while he—Joe—only helped to bring the big fish safe to land.

And, in the discussion of the exciting episode, the wall hung was accomplished in a surprisingly short time.

Tad's big trout was baked for supper, and it was generally agreed by the four who partook thereof that the flavor was particularly fine. Tad himself secretly thought he had never eaten anything so delicious in his whole life. But it is unlikely that the knowledge that he himself had furnished this important adjunct to the evening meal gave it an additional relish for Tad.

By this time Tad had begun to feel very much at ease with these quiet, home-like people. As they gathered about the open fire-place, with its smoldering back-log, after the tea-tables were cleared away, and the big kerosene-lamp was lighted, he opened his heart to their kindly questioning and spoke freely of his past life. There was really little or nothing to keep back, for as I have said, thanks to the memory of his mother's teachings and a natural uprightness of character, Tad had escaped the evil ways which a homeless, friendless boy is apt to fall into, and, though he had faults in abundance, he was, on the whole, a more upright young fellow than many whose surroundings and advantages had been far more favorable than Tad's.

"So you're to begin ship's duties to Miss Smith of Monday—oh, Tad," remarked the Captain, thoughtfully, to break a little silence which had fallen upon the group.

"Yes, sir," was the reply, "and I do hope she'll like me."

"She'll be hard to suit if she don't," returned Mrs. Flagg, clicking her fingers sympathetically together as they flashed in and out of the meshes of a blue yarmulke that was kaitening for the Captain. "For the good lady, whose heart was large enough to take in at least half a dozen motherless and girl, had begun to regard Tad with considerable favor."

"I know she'll like you," said Polly, confidently, as she looked up from the fascinating pages of "Little Women," which she was reading for the first time, while Louisa slumbered peacefully in her lap.

"You just go on and do your duty unto Miss Smith of Monday," remarked the Captain, oracularly. "I'll need you no fears. Miss Smith," continued Captain Flagg, with upreared finger to call attention, "is a fine woman; she's had a temperance, 'y' know, in life, as long as every woman I've met, and once you get into her good graces, you're always there."

"They say she's got in her a property that her folks left her—some—where nigh ten thousand dollars," Mrs. Flagg observed, in a voice indicative of considerable respect for the possessor of such wealth. For in Bixport the person with an unencumbered estate and a thousand dollars was "well-to-do"; while the owner of ten thousand dollars was regarded in the light of a millionaire.

CHAPTER X.

On the following morning, when Tad, having opened his eyes to the glad sunlight which streamed in at the east window of his little room, began to pull his drawsy ideas together, he remembered that it was Sunday.

"They'll want me to go to church, and I don't look decent," thought Tad, and his thoughts were with the chair in the direction of the chair where he had placed his threadbare clothing the night before.

But what was this? A partly worn suit of serviceable tweed cloth—the very counterpart of that in which Joe Whitney was arrayed when he sprang aboard the "Mary J.," hung on the chalk-book. And that was not all. In the chalk-book itself lay all the other essentials of a boy's toilet, neatly folded, a whip of black neck-ribbon, a pair of well-used lace-up boots, and a "second-best" straw hat.

Scarcely able to believe the evidence of his astonished eyes, Tad slipped off of bed and proceeded to investigate.

On the top of the pile was a bit of paper, wherein, in an irregular, boyish scrawl, were written the words: "To Pay for makin' Miss Smith think you was deaf and dumb I was a bairn.—J. Whitney."

After Tad had gone to bed on the

previous evening, Mrs. Flagg slipped over to Duncan Whitney's, and slyly seconded by the special pleadings of Joe, succeeded in enlisting the full sympathies of the family in behalf of shabbily-dressed Tad. Joe's wardrobe was overhauled, and a selection made, resulting in the surprise to Tad which I have mentioned.

"Well, he's what I call a nice-looking boy," was Mrs. Flagg's inward comment, as Tad, with hair neatly combed and face and hands scrubbed, in all his faded glory, came shily down stairs dressed in his new suit.

Mrs. Allen pronounced the benediction and dismissed his congregation. And naughty Joe Whitney, holding his cap before his face, choked and gasped, in the agonies of suppressed laughter, all the way to the door.

CHAPTER XI.

The promise of April had given place to the foaming heat of June, filling the air with summer musilano and beauty. Tad, under the supervision of Miss Smith, whose singular features were shaded by an immense garden-hat, was weeding the pansy-bed in the front yard. Miss Smith, who was a great flower-lover, made somewhat of a specialty of cultivating sweet-peas, and pansies, which she gave away in this season with liberal hand.

You would hardly have recognized Tad in the brown-faced boy, in blue overalls, bending lowly over the quaking upturns of flowers—faces that shamed him in his own.

He pulled upon him his new vocation with surprisingreadiness, and Miss Smith secretly congratulated herself on having at last found a boy after her own heart, though she seldom allowed her satisfaction to show itself in the form of words.

"He's come to that," muttered Miss Smith, disconsolately, as she glanced toward an elaborately-dressed young man who was sauntering along the elm-shaded street; "I wish he'd kept away about his own business, and not come idling round, taking your attention off of your work."

For Mr. Paul Forrest was one of John Doty's city boarders, who had scraped an acquaintance with Tad very soon after coming to Bixport. He seemed to take a singular interest in Tad, which, as he explained to Miss Smith, arose from the boy's strong resemblance to his youngest and only brother, who had died a year previous—"the last one, excepting myself, of a family of seven," he said, with a sad smile.

For Mr. Forrest dabbled a great deal of smilin', first and last; and, curious enough, Tad, in some vague way, was reminded by it of the genial Mr. Jones, whom he had met in Boston, before coming to Bixport. Of course, this was simply an absurd fancy on his part. The franklin Jones was a smooth-faced young man, with gold-tipped teeth—while Mr. Paul Forrest sported a very glossy black mustache, that had a purplish tinge in certain lights, and the whitest and most even teeth that were ever seen outside a dentist's establishment; neither was he the little blushing scar visible upon Mr. Forrest's white forehead, that Tad had noticed upon the intellectual brow of Jones. Yet, all the same, he often unconsciously connected the two in his mind, even while he laughed at his own folly in so doing.

Miss Smith, good-morning—Tad, my boy, how are you?" exclaimed Mr. Forrest, with his effusive smile, as he lounged idly up the garden-path, and, with a coolness peculiar to himself, sat down on the edge of the garden piazza.

Miss Smith stiffly acknowledged the greeting, and Tad, glancing up slyly, said he was pretty well. He was a little flattered by Mr. Forrest's evident interest in himself—though he was not quite sure that he liked it, after all. He had nothing in common with the clever gentleman, and was rather puzzled to know what Mr. Forrest could have in common with himself.

"Come into the house after you get through weeding, Tad; I want you," said Miss Smith, stalking past the unashamed Mr. Forrest, who sat quite at his ease, with the ivory head of his cane between his lips.

"'Yess'm,'" was the meek reply, and Tad silently continued his work, wondering what Mr. Forrest would go for, he was very well aware that Miss Smith was not quite sure that he liked it, after all. He did not at all approve of the gentleman's frequent visits.

In a small village like Bixport, where every body's business is public property, the story of Tad and his traveling-sachet was generally known, as was also the fact that no attention had ever been paid to Captain Flagg's advertisement. So it was not strange that Mr. Forrest should be in possession of the same knowledge. He had referred to the matter casually in conversation with Tad, declaring that it was a mighty interesting incident in real life—come, now!

"So you never opened the little alligator-skin sachet, to see what was in it—oh, Tad?" suddenly asked Mr. Forrest, after a short pause.

"Why, no, sir! I haven't a key—and, if I had, I don't think it would be fit to the thing, either," replied Tad, a little surprised at the unexpected question.

"Oh, I don't know," remarked Mr. Forrest, coolly; "there might be something in it that would give you a clow down as standin' up."

As the closing hymn was being sung, Tad noticed that Joe, who all through the service had kept his right hand persistently in his pocket, slowly withdrew it, though without removing his eyes from the pages of the hymn-book, and, seemingly holding something in his grasp, slipped his closed hand gently along on the ledge of the pew before him, till it was in close proximity to the back of Miss Nason's neck. Then he stole a sly glance in the direction of his father and mother, who were too intent upon following the words of the hymn (in which their daughter Nellie's voice uprose as clear and sweet as the notes of a woodland bird) to notice the movements of their son. "Slowly Joe's fingers clasped, and after a moment his hand stole back to a place beside him."

"That's true," murmured Tad, who had never thought of this before.

"I think it's your duty to try and open it," continued Mr. Forrest, seating; and Tad nodded: "Then, why not bring the bag over to my room this evening—I dare say some of my keys will unlock it," suggested the gentleman, blandly.

"I'll think about it, sir," replied Tad, cautiously, for he was not quite sure that it would be just the right thing to do; and, moreover, he wanted to ask the advice of Miss Smith, in whose good judgment Tad had the firmest confidence, before taking any such decisive step.

"Now what is he up to?" thought Tad, warned by the shadowy grin on Joe's features. And, following the direction of his friend's eyes, Tad's unspoken question was answered. Clumsily clambering over the back of the prime ruffian about Miss Nason's neck was a brown wood-beetle, as big as the end of Tad's little finger. But before he could decide what to do Miss

Nason bounced to her feet with a stilled exclamation, and clutched frantically at her back hair. Unfortunately she caught hold of the innocent beetle itself, and, giving vent to a shrill scream that made the rafters of the house ring, she threw it violently from her, to the great consternation of every one in the house, many of whom imagined Miss Nason had discovered a mouse in the pew.

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CHAPTER XII.

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Polly sauntered upon him approvingly, the Captain remarked that "he didn't know about taking such a dandified-looking chap to church along of such plain-dressed folks as the Flagg family; and Mrs. Flagg gave him a motherly kiss.

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Father E. J. Durbin, the oldest Catholic priest in the U. S., died at Shelbyville Thursday, aged 87.

Columbus Richardson, aged 30, was crushed to death by a saw log in Hardin county Wednesday.

Sam L. Isbell is a Democratic Prohibition candidate for the Legislature in Fulton county.

Only 12 out of 116 business houses of Covington burn gas, owing to the high price charged.

The female college at Franklin burned Thursday. The pupils all escaped. No insurance on the building.

Mrs. Patsy Bugg, living near Fulton, is 101 years old. Up to last spring she traveled on horseback but now when she goes about she has to ride in a buggy.

Wm. Bates, ex-deputy U. S. Marshal, shot and killed a man named Cheney, in a row over a game of cards, at Blue Knot, Whitney county, Wednesday.

The distillery of W. R. May, Leitchfield, was burned Wednesday. 17 barrels of whisky were burned. The loss was \$2,000, with no insurance. The fire was of incendiary origin.

Carter H. Harrison has been again nominated for Mayor by the Democrats of Chicago and was finally induced to accept the nomination after he had made a speech declining it.

Connexion had sixteen inches of snow last week while the people of Florida were eating green peas and ripe strawberries. Truly this is a great country and covers a good deal of ground.

Lillie and Kate Davy, making a continental trip from Rochester, N. Y., to Calgary, Canada, to meet Lillie's sweetheart, have reached St. Paul, Minn., and been taken charge of by the Relief society.

This time it is not one of Napoleon's body guard but an Austrian soldier who fought him in the wars of 1797 and 1805. John Knepper, the dispatches tell us, died at Luxerne county, Pennsylvania, last Wednesday, aged 108 years.

Geo. C. Duguid is a candidate for the Legislature in Calloway county. If Mr. Duguid can run backwards and forwards with the same facility that he can spell his name from either end he ought to be elected by a big majority.

The Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad has notified the newspapers that no new passes will be issued over its lines outside the limits of our State. This is supposed to be in accordance with the provisions of the little-known Inter-State Commerce law.

Oscar S. Strauss, of New York City, has been appointed Minister to Turkey, vice S. S. Cox resigned. He is a Jew and has for years been a prominent business man and during the last campaign was President of the New York business men's Cleveland and Hendrickson club.

Whifield Hancock, a Florida crank, called at the White House last week to assume the Presidency in accordance with the will of the people as he understands it and was turned over to the tender mercies of an unfriendly policeman, by the heartless usurper who is filling the office.

The Czar of Russia has been nolled by the Nihilists that fifty men have been appointed to take his life. About the best thing Alex. can do is to make his will and stay close at home. The following extract will indicate how they do things in Russia: Eight men and three women have been successors to Peter the Great on the Russian throne. All the men except the present ruler died violent deaths and two of the women were strangled. Catherine the Second, the great Empress, was the only monarch who has sat upon the throne since the death of Peter the First who died a natural death. Peter the Great in a fit of anger slew his own son, who was heir-apparent, and it is not probable that the present Emperor will die with his boots off.

Scribner's Magazine for April opens with the first instalment of the long-expected "Unpublished Letters of Thackeray," which more than justify the great interest aroused by their announcement. These letters were written chiefly to Mrs. Brookfield, who is still living in London, and her husband, the late Rev. W. H. Brookfield, who were among Thackeray's most intimate friends, and they are marked by a freedom that is simply charming, while in no case do we feel that anything is made public which should not properly be revealed. The great novelist's overflowing humor is every where apparent in the letters, they abound in shrewd and wise observations on men and things, and are especially interesting for their allusions to literary matters, and to Thackeray's own works in particular. Some of the letters are enlivened by original sketches, the reproduction of which adds much to the interest of the publication, and there are many other illustrations, including a full-page portrait of Thackeray from the painting by Samuel Laurence.

GENERAL NEWS.

Mr. Bialow has started on a tour of the West.

Amos Johnson, colored, was legally executed at Memphis, Tenn.

Anthony Kilkenny, of St. Louis county, was dangerously shot by his son.

An unknown girl was found murdered on the highway at Ithaway, N. J.

Further testimony was taken in the Haddock murder trial at Sioux City, Ia., for the murder of Rev. Geo. C. Haddock.

It cost Rev. Richard Higgleman, of Aultelle, Mo., \$7,000 to kiss a member of his flock.

Chicago's pork-packing statistics show a decrease of half a million hogs slaughtered the past year.

Another ten million 3-per-cent bond call has been made by the government, maturing May 1 next.

Another telescope accident occurred at Leetonia, O., in which one person was killed and a large number injured.

William Dunlap, a fireman, was killed and several others injured in a collision on the Jersey Central railroad near Rockport, Pa.

President Cleveland has summoned the members to the Inter-State Commerce Commission to Washington for the purpose of organization.

The farmers of the Nineteenth congressional district held an instinctive meeting at Mt. Vernon yesterday. The meeting continues to-day.

New Orleans exports for the month of February reached \$8,602,085, nearly double either Boston or Baltimore for the same month.

A child of Mr. Russell, of Bates Co., Missouri, fell down a well which had been drilled in a rock and starved to death before it could be reached.

C. M. Thompson has been arrested at Muskegon, Mich., charged with bigamy. He is accused of having four living wives—three of them in Ohio.

Mr. Richard H. Sylvester, of the Washington critic, formerly of St. Paul, is a candidate for Secretary of the Inter-State Commerce commission.

Vincent de Bauderme, an Austrian who served under Kosuth in the Hungarian revolution and came to this country as an exile, died yesterday at Rolla, Mo.

A bill has passed the Wisconsin assembly requiring railway companies to furnish annual passes to legislators, state officers and members of courts of records.

A man who has practiced medicine for 40 years ought to know salt from sugar; read what he says:

MESSRS. E. J. CHENEY & CO., Gentlemen:—I have been in the general practice of medicine for most 40 years, and would say that in all my practice and experience, have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as can Half-Catarrh Cure, manufactured by you. Have prescribed it a great many times and its effect is wonderful and would say in conclusion, I have yet to see a case of Catarrh that it would not cure. If they would take it according to directions, Yours truly,

L. L. GORSUCH, M. D., Office 215 Summit St. We will give \$100 for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured with Half-Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75 cts.

THE CHINESE PLAN.

One Thousand Tramps Caught in an old Building and Burned.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 24.—The steamer Belge, from China and Japan, which arrived here to-day, brings information of the cremating of 1,000 tramps at Ilia Shih, China. A band of about 1,000 tramps had just made their appearance at the town, and the inhabitants inveigled the entire band into a large building and set fire to it. All but forty perished.

PON. KY.

PON, KY., Mar. 16.—The peaches and plums have escaped so far and in a few more days they will be in full bloom.

Oat sowing and girdling are now on a boom.

Miss Mattie Blau, of Crofton, will teach a subscription school at Dogwood Chapel this spring.

Eags, Davis and Powers passed Pon's last week. They report the public roads in a bad fix.

Kelly-Miles: Married at the residence of the bride's father, Chester F. Miles, on the evening of the 10th inst., Mr. William L. Kelly to Miss Martha J. Miles. The ceremony was performed by J. H. Cavanah, Esq., in the presence of a large number of friends of the contracting parties.

The company after doing ample justice to an excellent supper spent a few hours in pleasant chat and then dispersed.

Mr. Kelly is a steady, industrious young farmer and his bride is possessed of a very sweet and amiable disposition and will doubtless make Mr. Kelly a good wife.

TANFOOT.

Lee Turner was shot dead by "Geo." Sowder, in Bell county.

INJUSTICE TO RAILROADS.

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Sold by Druggists, 75 cts.

TIRE OUT!

At this season nearly every one needs to use some medicine to keep in good health. We have a prescription for those who need it.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS—*The Best Tonic*—*For Weakness, Ill Health, &c.* and of the only kind that is not Injurious.

It is a powerful medicine and will cure all other forms of iron.

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SEMI-WEEKLY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

TUESDAY, MARCH 29, 1887.

TIME TABLE FOR TRAINS.

L. & N. Railroad.

DEPART SOUTH 148 and 228 A. M. 6:10 P. M.

ARRIVE FROM SOUTH 12:45 A. M. 10:45 P. M.

ARRIVE FROM NORTH 4:45 A. M. 6:15 P. M.

John W. Logsdon, Agent, Hopkinsville, Ky.

POST OFFICE—West Main Street, Post Off.

Open for letters, stamp—5 A. M. to 10 P. M.

" " money orders—5 A. M. to 4 P. M.

" " delivery, Sundays—8:45 to 10:15 A. M.

SOUTHERN EXPRESS OFFICE,

South Main Street, New Main.

Open 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.

TELEGRAPH OFFICES.

WESTERN UNION—Upstairs corner Main and Shattock. Mrs. Handley and Miss Kirk, operators.

BALTIMORE & OHIO—Upstairs corner Main and Shattock. A. H. Shays, operator.

For Louisville, Chesapeake & Ohio Route.

No. 2.

Lv. Hopkinsville, Ky., 10:30 A. M.

Arr. Norfork, Ark., 11:20 A. M.

Lv. Norfork, Ark., 12:45 P. M.

Arr. Louisville, Ky., 2:25 P. M.

Connections at Louisville for all points East, and for the Virginia and the West.

Arr. Cincinnati, 12:45 P. M.

Arr. Memphis, 1:45 P. M.

Arr. Birmingham, 2:45 P. M.

Arr. Atlanta, 3:45 P. M.

Arr. New Orleans, 4:45 P. M.

No. 3.

Lv. Hopkinsville, Ky., 10:30 P. M.

Arr. Norfork, Ark., 11:30 A. M.

Lv. Norfork, Ark., 12:45 P. M.

Arr. Paducah, 1:45 P. M.

Arr. Fulton, Ky., 2:45 P. M.

Arr. Louisville, Ky., 3:45 P. M.

Arr. Memphis, 4:45 P. M.

Arr. Birmingham, 5:45 P. M.

Arr. Atlanta, 6:45 P. M.

No. 4.

Lv. Hopkinsville, Ky., 10:30 P. M.

Arr. Norfork, Ark., 11:30 A. M.

Lv. Norfork, Ark., 12:45 P. M.

Arr. Louisville, Ky., 2:25 P. M.

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